

A NEW

## P O E M

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E A R L of E S S E X,

W H O

Cut his own Throat in the T O W E R.

By the *Embroyan-Fancy* of Anti-Jack Presbyter.

Come, with a nimble thrust of *Rapier'd* wit,  
(My Muse) now *Stab* all *Traitors*, point at, hit  
The *Throat* of a *Self-murderer*, whose fall  
Doth manifest his *Crimson Guilt* to all.

Led by the *Halter* to the *Stygian Lake*.

Many there be, he to prevent the *Stake*,

Or *Hemp* or *Hatchet*, took a shorter *Cut*,

(As if to *die* were but to *crack a nut*.)

To let his *Soul* fly from its *Prison*, *Body*,

To *stept* to—ask his *Chronies*, *How d'ye*?

O pity 'tis that such a *Branch* as he,

Should thus deserve so sad an *Elegy*.

Whose *Loyal Father* pawn'd his life to those,

Who were the grand *Promoters* of the *Cause*.

So excellent his *Father*, that 't'express

His *Excellencies*, seems to make them *less*.

"Should I presume to tell his worth, I fear

"(My Muse) I should subscribe a *Murderer*.

"To do't by halves were fair, but 'twould be fed,

"'Twere only then but *Drawn and Quartered*.

My Lord (like *Tully's Son*) *Degenerates*.

A *Worm*, within his breast most sadly prates,

*Conscience* (*The Kings Attorney*) stings his heart

So mortally, that now he dares depart.

"A *wounded soul* close coupled with the fence

"of *Sin*, payes home its proper *Recompence*.

"Could not your *active hands* had fairly staid

"The *leasure* of a *Psalm*? *Judas* has pray'd,

"But later *Crimes* cannot admit the *Pause*,

"They run upon *effects* more than the *Cause*.

*Hangman* will curse your *Feates*, 'tis most severe

To be ones proper *Executioner*.

Some do affirm, that 'twixt such *Acts* and *Death*,

One may *repent*, even at his last *breath*.

I fear, there is, (after so foul a *Sin*),

Too narrow a *gap* to let *Repentance* in.

His *Death* to th' *Saints* this *Doctrine* will afford,

*Impatient* of being with the *Lord*

He was good man: *Dearly-Beloved*, praise

His *Policy*, in *shortening* his *Days*.

"But if the *Saints* thus give's the *slip*, 'tis need

"We look about us, to preserve the *Breed*.

"Hence sweep the *Almanack*: *Lilly* make room,

"And *Blanks* enough, for the *New Saints* to come

"All in *Red Letters*: As their *Faults* have been

"*Scarlet*; so limb, their *Anniverse* of *sin*.

*Jack Presbyter*, I tell the *Whorson*, *Liar*,

*Encomiums* that do amount much higher.

'Tis height of *Valour*, *Fortitude*, to kill

(Not our *strong foes*, but) a *man's self* at will.

*Brave active Roman Spirit*! *Purgatory*

Shall be to thee, for a new *Inventory*.

*Scylla*, *Charibdis*, *Python*, *Acheron*,

*Medea's Bull*, the *Tails* of the *Dragon*,

*Sea-monsters*, *Serpents*, *Gorgons*, *Centaur's* all

*Medusa's*, *Bugbear-Harpies* these I call

*Mormos* and *Bugs*, (as our stout *Earl* did see,)

To fright poor *Idiots* to *Morality*.

*Cowards* do dread the grim pale face of *Death*,

Who foil'd b' it, are but squeezed out of *Breath*.

Give me an *Hector* greedy of 's own blood

Makes *Death* to tremble, bids *Damnation*, *slud*,

Fears not the *Gods*, 'tis *sin*, if they be good,

If bad, why 'ere in aw of them men stood?

*Death*, *Hell*, *Damnation* and if thou not *fear'st*,

*Jack Presbyter*, dy thou thus if thou *darest*.

Or else learn hence not to *aspire* too nigh

The high *Perogatives* of *Majesty*.

*Uive le Roy*, let *Rebells* meet the end,

If their *Repentance* may not it prevent.

F I N I S.